



# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

MARCH 1971







GENERALISSIMO and Madame Chiang Kai-shek with Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell at Maymyo, Burma, on April 9, 1942, the day following Japanese bombing attack. This U.S. Army photograph is one of the many pictures appearing in Barbara W. Tuchman's new book, "Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45."



# EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer ..... Editor

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## Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● This month's cover is a U.S. Air Force photo of Chinese workmen engaged in airfield construction work. Taking the place of cement was mud scooped in wooden buckets which were then carried to the area where rocks had been laid.

● Occasionally there is some confusion regarding the special rates for two-year and three-year Ex-CBI Roundup subscriptions. We'd like to point out that this applies to **one** subscription only, and cannot be a combination of two or three. Also, the entire payment must be made at one time—you cannot pay \$4 now and then send along another \$3.50 a month later to add another year.

● Tentative plans for a "Return to CBI" tour this year or sometime in 1972 have suffered a setback, for at least two reasons. In the first place there has been insufficient interest in such a tour . . . a few enthusiastic replies but not enough to organize a group. Second, the type of tour we had in mind is now so expensive we hesitate to offer it. Perhaps we'll still be able to come up with something, but we're making no promises!

● Don't forget to notify us of any change in address. Despite the fact that we mention this frequently, we still have to pay the Post Office Department every month for notification of a number of undeliverable copies. That's our loss . . . and yours, too!

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## Truck Company

● Have been reading Ex-CBI Roundup for years, and consider it one of the best publications received. I particularly enjoy letters from veterans who reminisce of India. Was stationed at Kharagpur, India, with the 20th Bomber Command as C.O. of 2472nd Quartermaster Truck Company, summary court martial officer for 22nd Air Depot, trial judge advocate for 22nd Air Depot Special Court and assistant defense counsel for 20th Bomber Command General Court. Will be happy to hear from any and all former 2472nd Truck Company members.  
CALDWELL T. BENNETT,  
150 S. Third Street,  
Batesville, Ark. 72501



GI holding spear is pictured with Naga head-hunter. In foreground are heads of five children from another village who had been killed a few hours earlier by the head-hunter. Photo from W. Harland Hendricks, Sr.



### 797th E. F. Company

● Have been enjoying your wonderful magazine for almost 20 years, and have never been unhappy with any issue. I served with the 797th Engineer Forestry Company in India and Burma, arriving in Bombay in December 1943 and back in New York in January 1946. We operated sawmills on the Stilwell Road, cutting all kinds of construction material. Had quite a trip across India by train and river boat on our way in; flew out of Chabua to Karachi and came home on the General Taylor. Still see or hear from many of the old outfit. We have lost quite a few to the grim reaper in the last 25 years, but they still live on in our memories which are revived by each issue of Ex-CBI Roundup. Keep up the good work.

EUGENE B. RAYMOND,  
Clallam Bay, Wash.

### Jungle Jabber

● A former neighbor and fellow ex-CBIer, Col. William B. Rose, thoughtfully sent me two recent issues of the Ex-CBI Roundup. Having read and re-read their heartwarming, informative contents from cover to cover, I look forward to becoming a regular subscriber (check enclosed). I'm also entrusting to your archives of CBI memorabilia some samples of boondocks journalism from Moran, Assam, which may provoke a chuckle or two. As the unlikely prospect for any Pulitzer prizes, the weekly **Jungle Jabber** was a pleasant diversion for the men of the 9th and 12th Combat Cargo Squadrons of the 3d Combat Cargo Group (10th Air Force). On Friday nights, after a few beers, a number of us gathered in a corner of the dayroom to type the primitive prose and poetry on stencils. Saturday mornings we'd catch the 15-minute shuttle flight

to Dinjan to use Group Hqrs' mimeograph. After chow at the Transients Mess there was usually a long wait for an available C-47 making the return flight. Sometimes this entailed a roundabout trip via Myitkyina or other points in Burma to airdrop supplies to Allied units. The **Jabber** was then "home-delivered" to awaiting readers in each of the pyramidal tents nestled in the Moran landscape. The spontaneous outburst of guffaws coming from the surrounding tent area was ample reward to the editorial staff as we eased into our sacks for the night.

WARREN W. DARKOW,  
Alexandria, Va.

### 234th General

● Enjoy your magazine. Was with the 234th General Hospital, Chabua, Assam.

B. H. COBB,  
Woodstown, N.J.

### Newsiest Magazine

● Keep up the good work on the newsiest magazine for all CBIers. Can hardly wait for the next issue.

ROBERT D. THOMAS,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

### Close to Vietnam

● You know that dumb sentence, "the quick brown fox jumped, etc.," for typing each letter? Well, here's one a little longer, but it uses all the letters and makes more sense (to us, anyway): "Parts of India are covered with extensive jungles in which wild animals roam and lizards dart quickly among the shrubs." Just looked at a map and found out I was only 150 miles from Vietnam (with 709th E.P.D. Co.) 27 years ago. Any stories from sons of fellows who were or are over there? I have daughters, myself.

PERRY SCHWARTZ,  
Southfield, Mich.



SOLDIERS of the 330th Engineers with a stone tiger image near a Buddhist temple at Magon, Burma in 1943. Photo by C. C. Carter.

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COFFIN shop at Kweilin, China, where coffins were hand-made and sold. Photo by Col. W. J. Peterkin.

#### Combat Cargo Group

● Am a recent subscriber in terms of months, but really feel "back in the old basha" when reading this magazine; would like to express my appreciation to you for a job being well done. In the mentioning of the various cities, villages and bases in the articles and letters of each issue, the old memories start flowing back in rather vivid recall in my mind and probably likewise in the minds of many of our readers, an excellent way of re-sharing experiences. I was in the Second Combat Cargo Squadron, First Combat Cargo Group, USAAF, which was largely engaged in bundle-dropping (parachute and free throw) supplies and ammo to the British 14th Army from Imphal south into Burma; and also shuttling Chinese troops (and mules) all over China in our C-47s. We initially went in July 1944 to Sylhet, India; to Imphal, India; to Tsuyung, China; to Dohazari, India; to Bhamo, Burma; and wound up at Paoshan, near Chungking, China. We averaged two to three months at each of the above bases and aside from losing a few crews (all really nice guys) and planes, plus the monotony of a lot of hard, hot, dreary work, managed to

survive (in fact enjoy ourselves quite a lot at times.) I imagine all of us can look back quite fondly at these places because of those wonderful people there—Indian, Burmese, Chinese—but, above all, those wonderful, hard-working Americans—good guys all, to a man! We were all very fortunate to

have lived in those times and places! Thank you for helping to revive the camaraderie of those times.

ROBERT J. O'KANE,  
Sharon, Mass.

#### Our Magazine

● To Neil and all "printers' devils" at the Ex-CBI magazine publishing establishment: Really enjoy every issue of "our" magazine. Many thanks for your efforts in making up this "reminiscent literature."

GLENN C. KIEFFER,  
Hershey, Pa.

#### India and China

● Was with the 27th Troop Carrier Squadron stationed at Sylhet, India, during 1944 and later we were transferred to 14th Air Force, Yunnan, China. I receive a great deal of pleasure in reading Ex-CBI Roundup; it brings back pleasant memories. Keep Roundup coming.

KENNETH RUPPRECHT,  
North Brunswick, N.J.



WORKMAN repairs intricate design on steps of the Jain Temple in Calcutta. Photo by Wm. S. Johnson.



# Incident at the "Y"

BY ROBERT E. BURKE

The roar of many 6 x 6 trucks awoke me with a start in my pyramid tent where I operated and slept beside my Carrier telephone equipment. Such unexpected traffic on a lonely Burmese jungle trail is the best alarm clock I've ever encountered. Poking my head outside the tent flap, I was shocked into an awareness of what was happening.

Approximately 500 feet down the trail was the bivouac of the Headquarters Company of the Chinese 38th Division. Now the area was a beehive of excitement, as loaded trucks departed while others were hastily loaded with equipment, military gear, and personal belongings.

Observing S/Sgt. Ryles in the dim dawn light, I pulled on my trousers and ran barefooted down the trail to the Division Communications Center where he was directing the loading of switchboard and teletype equipment onto a truck. Breathlessly, I demanded to know what was going on. The sergeant replied that Kachin scouts had confirmed that a Japanese force was moving toward us over the very trail on which we were encamped. Thus, a decision was made during the night to evacuate all Chinese and American encampments along this stretch of the Ledo Road and to seek the safety of China and the Chinese Y-Forces who were in the vicinity. The Communications Center had shut down and its equipment was being trucked off.

I was shocked by this statement, more so from injured pride than fear. After all, assigned as I was from the 96th Signal Battalion (Company B) to the Headquarters Company of the Chinese 38th Division, I felt they owed me some consideration in return for the Carrier and Repeater services which I was providing, in addition to my function as Wire Chief for troubleshooting this end of the cable. I was also responsible for a crew of four linemen from Company A of our battalion, for Sgt. Ed Baker (my power-generator operator) and for the expensive

Carrier equipment in my trust. Without these services, the Division's long-lines telephone and teletype link to Bhamo and Myitkyina would be nonexistent. So the thought that they could strike their tents during the night and pull out at dawn in the face of the enemy without a word of warning to me was exasperating.

The last of the Headquarters trucks was pulling out, heading down the trail to join the developing convoy on the Ledo Road. And the only preparations I had made so far was to pull on a pair of pants. I protested to S/Sgt. Ryles that I required truck space for my electronic consoles, motor-generators, storage batteries, drums of gasoline, not to mention my tent and personal belongings. I also required manpower to load the Carrier equipment into a truck, since each console weighed 800 pounds.

The sergeant expressed his regret as he had no truck space available and the last of his men were leaving the area. He suggested either abandoning the equipment, or trying to borrow a 6 x 6 truck from some outfit forming up with the convoy on the road. He said I should have time to pursue the latter suggestion, since five of his communication technicians were positioned at the top of the hill as outposts to provide a last minute warning of the Japanese approach.

Doubting the effectiveness of a five man blocking force between the Japanese and myself, I watched the sergeant depart in the last truck down the trail.

Completely frustrated, I slowly walked up the trail to my tent. My thoughts as I recall were: How can such a beautiful morning start like this? Not a cloud in the sky. And there is the golden sun just rising over the hilltop. The same hilltop that the Japanese soon will be descending. If they came over the top now they would be starkly outlined by the rising sun. They would be staring down at me just as I would be staring up at them. I wonder what the five technicians are thinking as they wait in the cover of trees, lining either side of the hill-

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top. Boy! Is it ever quiet—not even a bird chirping. It's the loudest quiet I have ever heard.

This encampment which the Division Headquarters had abandoned was about a mile south of the Ledo Road on a trail which branched off in a southerly direction. We were also located approximately 10 miles west of the "Y," the junction of the Ledo and Burma Roads. We had moved here from Namkham and Muse a few days before where we had "hosted" the First Road Convoy to China for two days. That convoy had been halted by a Japanese road-block close by this encampment, until it was cleared by the 38th Division. Intermittent roadside sniping was still a common occurrence.

Yesterday evening, I recalled, a rumor circulated around the area that a dust cloud had been observed moving north up our particular trail. It took little imagination to envision a move by the Japanese to set up a second road-block in the same area. This possibility was relayed by telephone to Bhamo, and the news was quickly picked up by all units up and down the road between Bhamo and our position at the forward end of the telephone cable.

As evening progressed, the Chinese Headquarters moved pickets down the draw to provide advance warning of further enemy progress. The possibility of withdrawal had been discussed; however, I anticipated that a coordinated and orderly departure would be the order of the day.

Monitoring the four voice channels on the Carrier equipment was part of my job of preventive maintenance, and incidentally provided the only diversion for the Carrier and Repeater men on duty during the long Burma evenings. From conversations on the cable that night it was possible to discern some of the anxieties produced by the possibility of an imminent enemy sweep around this section of the vulnerable Ledo Road. Small detachments of Americans and Chinese encamped astride this narrow lifeline instituted extra precautionary measures for the coming night. My nearest support from the 96th Signal Battalion was approximately 20 miles back, around Namkham; this was an ad-

vance platoon from Company A, under Lt. Martin Scott, which was constructing the telephone pole line to replace the four-wire telephone cable laid along the side of the Ledo Road. From their phone conversations with battalion headquarters in Bhamo, I learned of their camp protection activities for this night—the doubling of their sentries and the strategic placement of their 6 x 6 trucks which mounted .50 caliber machine guns.

I must admit that the night was somewhat uneasy because of increased traffic around the Chinese Headquarters area. Since I didn't expect anyone to volunteer any information to me, I kept my ear glued to the telephone line for any new developments. But as no new information came in I gave up for the night and retired to my cot. As I recall, I slept soundly until the roar of truck motors at dawn became too loud to ignore.

So now I was on my own, to decide what to do with myself and my equipment. Back again at my tent. I rang the Bhamo Wire Chief as well as the Company A platoon at Namkham. I told them I was shutting down operations and would try to catch up with the Division Headquarters which had already departed. The Bhamo Wire Chief, Lt. Richard Lindheim, said that the military in Bhamo was aware of our predicament and that he heard that a detachment of tanks had been dispatched to break any Japanese attempt at a road-block. I requested that the Company A platoon at Namkham keep an EE-8 field phone connected to the cable and wait for my ring in the event the convoy didn't head up into China. Since there was no wire link to China, Namkham would have to replace us as the forward telephone terminus in the event I couldn't reestablish communications.

With their wishes of good luck, I shut down the electronic consoles and removed all the interconnecting wires while my powerman, Sgt. Baker, shut off the generators and recovered the power cables. The four linemen from Company A had already struck their pyramid tent and were completing the loading of their  $\frac{3}{4}$  ton truck. As they were attached to me only as far as providing trouble-shooting services on the cable, I could not prevail on them to discard their personal belongings



to make room for my bulky equipment on their truck. They did agree to help load the two Carrier consoles on my  $\frac{3}{4}$  ton truck, a tremendous effort for even six men. Completing that task, the linemen drove off leaving Sgt. Baker and myself alone on the hill. Although there was no sign of them, I could only hope that the five man outpost was still on top of the hill.

With the two consoles loaded, we could only find space on the truck for four storage batteries, tool kits, assorted cables, and an unfolded cot on top of everything. This would permit short-term operation on storage batteries if the opportunity should arise. However the two power generators, the cans of gasoline, the tent, and other support items would have to be left behind. Fortunately, the generators and gasoline were located back in the trees and underbrush for reasons of noise and safety, which lent a semblance of concealment and camouflage with no additional effort on our part. This being the most we could accomplish under the conditions, the sergeant and I hurriedly drove off—down the trail toward the Ledo Road.

On reaching the road, the sight we beheld was spectacular. As far as the eye could see the road was filled with a single file of trucks, bumper to bumper, loaded to fantastic capacities with men and equipment. The convoy was poised, waiting for someone's—anyone's—signal to move off in an eastward direction toward China.

We nudged a space for our small truck into that waiting line. As it was apparent that no convoy movement was imminent, I started walking up and down the road, looking for a sympathetic driver willing to drive back up the trail to save my generators. No such luck! All the trucks were bulging and top-heavy with equipment and personal gear.

Returning to my truck, I spotted an empty weapons carrier carefully threading its way along the road in the opposite direction. When he came abreast of me, I recognized a sergeant of Company A and hailed him to a stop. During the previous months he had been supervising a crew of Chinese soldiers who were manually laying the telephone cable along the side of the road in advance of Chinese

Headquarters. He was presently on his way to pick up his Chinese crew to join the general withdrawal. However, I prevailed on him to pick up my two generators first and then pack his Chinese around them. Leaving Sgt. Baker with our truck in case the convoy should start up before I returned, I joined the sergeant in his truck for the equipment rescue mission. With difficulty he managed to cross the solid column of trucks and hurriedly drove south down the vacated trail in the direction of the advancing Japanese.

On reaching the abandoned clearing, we halted in a concealed position and checked for movements or sounds which would disclose any indication of the enemy advance. Everything seemed peaceful and quiet, so we drove the truck up to the site of my power equipment. The sergeant and I managed to wrestle the two motor-generator sets into the weapons carrier, leaving the tents, gasoline, assorted equipment, and personal articles to the approaching Japanese.

A scorched-earth decision at the individual level is an impossible policy to follow, because the situation while it is happening is too unreal and too unbelievable. Uppermost in my mind was the knowledge that I would need the abandoned equipment to restore full operation on my return. And paraphrasing a famous general, I just knew I would return.

Retracing our route, the sergeant drove back down the trail, turned onto another intersecting trail, and finally halted at a beautiful two-story Burmese house set in a remote grove of trees. I could well imagine the serene existence enjoyed by some well-to-do Burmese family in this idyllic setting in better days, however at this moment the house was in a turmoil.

Five Chinese soldiers were racing in and out of the house, hastily emptying it of its contents. Directing the rapid buildup of barracks bags, sacks of rice, cooking utensils, etc., was a Chinese lieutenant who nearly turned purple when he saw his transportation was to be one weapons carrier already bearing two motor-generators. Fortunately, I didn't comprehend his screams of rage and frustration and somehow the sergeant managed to keep the generators in the truck. Ac-

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quiescing I presume to the Japanese presence in the area, the Chinese finally loaded as much of their belongings on the truck as possible and with eight of us aboard we made our top-heavy way back to the Ledo Road.

Rejoining Sgt. Baker in the convoy, I was satisfied that I had carried off my part of the withdrawal in good style and was anxious to roll on into China with the convoy. It would be my first, and perhaps my last opportunity to visit China and I didn't want to miss it. It was now noontime and most of the personnel were eating K-rations in whatever shade they could find. Motionless vehicles packed the road at least a quarter mile in either direction before intervening trees blocked further view. Nothing stirred in the hot sun except the flies, whose buzzing now was amplified by the silence of human inactivity. It was about six hours since the Division Headquarters had decamped and still no contact had been made with the enemy. Bored with waiting, I decided to get in touch with Namkham to determine if they had any more news than we at the scene apparently had.

The telephone cable was raised at this point above the trail junction on crossed bamboo poles to preclude damage from the wheels of vehicles. Dropping one set of poles, I gained access to a plug coupling and immediately raised Namkham by means of the EE-8 field telephone.

Both Namkham and the Bhamo exchange had been waiting all this time for a call from me, hoping for the latest information on the situation. As the personnel in Namkham and Bhamo, as well as myself, had nothing new in the way of news to report, we hung up—still keeping the phone sets hooked up.

Gazing around this small, pleasant valley, I was intrigued by the sight of at least one-hundred Y-Force soldiers dotting the north slopes of the valley. They were easy to spot as their padded uniforms of light blue color stood out like robins eggs against the brown background of the grassy hills. Their appearance of relaxed spectators was incongruous in comparison with our appearance of mobilized, imminent flight. They were lounging on the shady slopes, obviously intrigued

by the spectacle our convoy presented and we wondered if they were aware of the approach of the Japanese. One thing we knew for certain was that our motionless convoy stood between them and our abandoned encampments. Once we started moving down the road, the Y-Forces would cross the road for the juicy looting which they knew was there.

At approximately 1400 hours a captain from the Division Headquarters phoned Bhamo and requested an airplane to scout the latest position of the Japanese force. It is bewildering to reflect that even with our mastery of the skies, I can't recall seeing a single Allied plane scouting the situation in the area even though the withdrawal had been in progress for eight hours.

Within one-half hour, an L-5 observation plane arrived over our position and made an easy landing on the dried bed of a rice paddy adjacent to the road. The American captain who requested the flight climbed aboard the plane which took to the air and headed south in the direction of the Japanese troops.

Within 30 minutes, the plane returned, discharged the captain, and took off for Bhamo.

At long last the convoy received its order to move. The direction taken was not to China but rather back to our original encampments. The aerial scouting mission had revealed that there was in truth a dust cloud advancing up the trail in a northerly direction. Instead of being stirred up by advancing Japanese troops, it was caused by a herd of cattle being driven by native herdsmen.

To the accompaniment of appropriate remarks, the personnel in the convoy dispersed to their original bivouacs. Within the hour I had the Carrier communications link back in normal operation, utilizing the equipment and facilities we failed to destroy.

No moral to this story! Just one ex-GI's recollection of what fortunately proved to be a humorous incident. I wonder if any of the hundreds of other GIs who participated in the "retreat" can embellish on their personal predicaments at the time.

It is a pity that wars ever have to be more serious than this incident.



## It Happened in CBI

*Readers are invited to contribute little stories about CBI incidents for publication in "It Happened in CBI," which will appear from time to time in Ex-CBI Roundup. Almost everyone knows of at least one item of interest . . . this could be a most interesting regular feature. Send your stories to Roundup.*

**By EDWARD J. NORRIS**  
**Lt. Col. AUS (Ret.)**  
**North Windham, Maine**

Imagine my surprise when I turned the cover of the November, 1970 issue of the Ex-CBI Roundup, to find my picture on page 3. I am on the left. The snapshot was taken July 1945 on a street in Dibrugarh.

It all started the last of November, 1944. After 26 months in England, North Africa and Italy, I was rotated back to the States. Ill health was the reason. However, after a 30 day leave stateside, orders were cut to report to the P.M.S. & T. officer, University of California, Berkeley.

This sounded like a choice assignment, so I reported for duty in high spirits. To my surprise, I was joined by 29 other officers who passed the scuttlebut that we were going to study the Chinese language. This was quite a change from what I had anticipated as a tour of duty.

The class started about the first of December, and continued through April, 1945. In North Africa, I had a chance to brush up on my high school French. In Italy I made out with a mixture of French, a few Italian words and the sign language. My effort in Chinese had English, French and Italian accents. However, I did learn "Ting Wah", meaning electric talk for telephone, also a few other words. If they had only taught me to swear in Mandarin, I would have caught on quickly.

In May we went to Marysville for processing and another series of shots, after we had already had the series at the Presidio, and a hospital in Oakland.

We moved on by train to Camp Anza for a few days before boarding a ship on V.E. day. Her name was, as I remember, the General Mann. I was selected to board the ship the night

before, and take over a dining room assignment during the crossing.

While walking around decks the first morning waiting for the rest of the contingent to come aboard, I happened by the fantail. There were about 12 garbage cans of mouldy garbage to be thrown overboard after we were out at sea. At least this is what I thought.

We were out on the blue Pacific quite a few days when word was passed around, that next day at noon, we would cross the equator. Most of us were "pollywogs", so an initiation was much in order.

The next day it started. My job was to carry a broom over my shoulder, while shouting, "I'm a mine sweeper". My buddy carried a little paper airplane, and called out, "I'm an aircraft carrier". Someone caught a flying fish which was said to be a bad omen. King Neptune must display his wrath.

We all had to crawl into a big shallow trough under a tarpaulin stretched tight. If we raised our head someone from above would push it down, and at the same time paddle our backsides. The twelve cans of mouldy garbage which I had seen on the fantail had not been dumped at sea, but instead poured into the trough.

As we emerged at the far end of the trough, a fire hose would sweep us off our feet. Everyone was drenching wet, but sweeter smelling. Our next stop was in front of a sailor with a pair of fireplace bellows full of flour. One blast and our hair was sure pasted down. Finally our throats were swabbed with a vile tasting something. Besides being Captain, Corps of Engineers, I had now become a "whaleback", or "shellback," and I can't remember which one it was.

A few days later I developed a steady headache. One of the 100 nurses on board as passengers gave me a few codeine tablets. These I promptly blackened with a pencil for identity, and put them in my aspirin bottle.

Sometime later, Captain William T. Riley asked me to let him have one of my aspirin. When asked how he knew that I had any, he admitted that he had been helping himself to mine. Now I had solved the mystery as to the reason that my supply was dwindling so fast. Bill then asked what the dark pills were mixed in with the



aspirin. Well, I told Bill he was lucky he had noticed the two kinds. The black ones, I replied, are potassium cyanide so I can slip one in my mouth if the Japs catch me, then I wouldn't suffer any torture.

Bill lectured me on how dangerous it was to have them in the same bottle. He became more and more excited, and allowed how he might have taken one in the dark and would have died. We all had a good laugh when I told Bill the real story.

Our crossing was full of humor and good fun, with the usual s-h- rumors. The first land we sighted was Howe Island. Soon after, we put into Melbourne for an overnight stop, let off some passengers, and took aboard some Aussie soldiers, a grand bunch of fellows.

The ship next docked in Freemantle for a few days to take on supplies. Two or three of us jumped ship by sliding down a rope to a row boat under the dock. We rowed across to a U.S. submarine tied up on the other side of the pier. Then we walked into town and on up the hillside overlooking the harbor.

We looked around the vacant lots for a kangaroo, but the kids said that they were up in back. Maybe they meant 100 miles back, but the way they said it, led us to believe just over the next hill. We walked on, but could not find a kangaroo, not even an Australian jack-rabbit. The day was getting late, so we headed back to our ship.

M.P.'s came along and gave us a ride back to town. Along the main street to the dock, people were picking poinsettias. Someone handed me a few. The next person outdid the first until my arms were filled. Some enlisted men who had been allowed to leave the ship to play baseball were just going up the gang plank. We followed as if our team had won, and the flowers were the prize.

After sailing up the Hooghly River all day, we disembarked at night and entrained for Camp Kanchrapara. Naturally the serum used at the Presidio, Oakland General, Marysville, and Camp Anza was said to be an old type, so we lined up again for smallpox, typhoid, yellow fever, tetanus, cholera, and the plague. What was

the use of carrying our medical record around; they would shoot us regardless.

Our original Chinese language class was still all together when we boarded a train in Calcutta for Chabua. What a train ride. At night I had a lower, a leather covered seat. The upper was a chicken wire spring to sleep on. It was hot, and it rained down in torrents. If I shut the window, the heat was unbearable, if open, I would be drenched. The window stayed up all night, and so did I, while the others slept.

One night the train stopped. There was a noise outside like a lion in the jungle. I stuck my head out the window to see, only to be squirted in the face with a spray which was being blown into all open windows to disinfect each car.

Luggage was carried down the bank, across a single log bridge to a little stream ferry. The crossing of the Brahmaputra River was made to another train which had as its destination, Chabua.

The replacement depot was a tent area. At night it rained so hard that there was six inches of water around the concrete tent base. Sometime in the middle of the night, the others in the tent would dutifully put on their rain gear and march in force to the latrine. No one dared go alone for fear of meeting a big snake or a tiger.

They wondered why I didn't have to go. Little did they know that alongside my mattress, I kept a bamboo pole. All I had to do was turn over sideways, blow through the tube to make sure there wasn't a dangerous insect in it, lift the tent sidewall and let go. No rain gear for me, and the others never got wise to my little plumbing device, nor to the fact that it was installed without benefit of a plumbing permit.

One day we hitch-hiked to Dibrugarh because we had heard there was a gin mill in operation. The idea was to mush up the inside of a pineapple, and fill it with gin. The stuff was spooned down right away, even though the best authority said it should stand a few hours.

While walking around the town, looking for the distillery, we came across the "high priest" or whatever he was.



The old gentleman was friendly, especially when I put some annas in a cup which he carried. I don't remember the name of the officer on the right side of the picture, the photographer, or even posing for the picture. I do, however, have a good picture in color of the "high priest".

Twenty-five years have slipped by fast. Now I am approaching retirement age from the Portland Water District in the State of Maine. Two and one half years ago, I reached age 60 and retired as a Lt. Col., Engineer Corps.

It is interesting to note that after comparing notes, two men who serve

with me on the Board of Savings and Loan Association, also served in the C.B.I. They are Walter Pulkkinen and Elbert Prince. Mrs. Prince also served in the C.B.I. as a nurse.

You are to be commended for publishing such a splendid magazine. I am sure every subscriber looks forward to receiving each issue as much as I do. Incidentally, my assignment in China was with the Chinese Combat Command.

Best wishes to all members of the Chinese Language Class if any of my story should ever go to print. □

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## EX-CBI ROUNDUP

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# CBI DATELINE

*From The Statesman*

**CALCUTTA**—"It was outside the Museum round which a colleague had been taking a couple of foreign visitors. Somebody came up and without invitation or permission, tried to pin a national flag on his shirt, obviously as a prelude to demanding money. When our colleague stepped aside, the man said in terms of marked menace: 'You don't like our Indian national flag?' Our colleague of course, was hard-boiled enough to answer: 'I don't like you and I doubt whether the police like you either'. Tourists, particularly ladies, may hesitate to take so firm an attitude in Calcutta nowadays. There used to be a large poster in Chowringhee quoting the late Mr. Nehru to the effect that foreign tourists are our honoured guests. Could action be taken to make this valid?"—Indian Notebook.

**GAYA**—A portion of the Magadh University, housing the Urdu block, was set on fire by a mob of unruly students. The students were agitating against the order of the Vice-Chancellor, directing the students to write their answer books in Hindi only. Hitherto the examinees had the option of writing either Urdu or Bengali.

**SRINAGAR**—The Kashmir J and A Sangh has demanded abrogation of a clause in the State Constitution according to which only permanent residents of Jammu or Kashmir can acquire immovable property in the state. The president of the Kashmir Valley unit of Sangh says the clause is retarding the economic progress and discourages industrialists from outside to invest in Kashmir.

**JABALPUR**—Officials seized at the Narasinghpur railway station 500 tolas of contraband gold valued at over Rs one lakh from a man traveling by the Bombay-Howrah Janata Express. His two associates escaped. The gold reportedly bore Swiss marks. The police said contraband gold was seized from the same person at Hardwar railway station about ten months ago.

**DARJEELING**—Professional poachers responsible for killing at least five rhinos in the Jaldapara Wild Life Sanctuary seem to have left the area. Forests staff have arrested a person with a rhino horn in his possession and with police help seized a number of guns suspected to have been used for poaching. Forest Department officials feel that the existing law for the preservation of rhinoceros in West Bengal is too inadequate, and the punishment prescribed does not act as a deterrent to poachers, due to the very high prices of rhino horns smuggled out to some adjacent countries. The population of this rare one-horned rhinoceros in the state is estimated at 100, including about 80 in the Wild Life Sanctuary at Jaldapara.

**KOHIMA**—A "captain" of the underground Nagas was trampled to death by a wild elephant in a deep jungle near Wokha. The "captain" reportedly shot dead a two-month-old baby elephant who was roaming along with his mother. The infuriated mother elephant killed the "captain" before he could make any attempt to defend himself.

**MACHILIPATNAM**—A launch carrying 150 passengers capsized near Pirat Lanka and it was believed all were drowned. The launch was also carrying a cargo of fertilizer.

**DEHRA DUN**—Gohana Tal, the lake of sorrow in the Uttarkashi hills, has disappeared after it burst its embankment. During the 77 years of its existence it had caused unbearable misery and immense damage to the people living in the township and villages of the Alakananda valley, and it caused much damage on the day of its disappearance. This lake, 10 square miles in area, was formed when an estimated 900 cubic feet of dolomite and rocks came hurtling down, following incessant heavy rains, from the Garhwal hill range and blocked the course of the Berhai, a tributary of Alakananda, and formed into an embankment for the lake. It burst its embankment for the first time in 1895 and caused great havoc. Many townships in the Alakananda valley—Chamoli, Nandapryag, Karnaprayag, Rudraprayag and Srinagar—were badly damaged and many villages were washed away by the flood waters.

MARCH, 1971



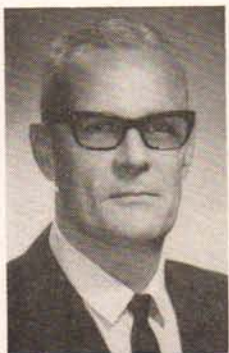
## CBI Personality

"CBI Personality," which will appear in *Ex-CBI Roundup* from time to time, is an attempt to relate a little personal information about some of those who served in the China-Burma-India area. Some of these items will be written by readers, others clipped from various publications . . . perhaps YOU know of someone you would like to tell about in this column. We invite your contributions.

**Bill F. Godfrey**, Dallas CBIVA Basha commander and chairman of the National Reunion at Dallas next August 4-7, has quickly become a favorite of CBIers throughout the United States. His always-smiling countenance and friendly good nature first became known to many CBIers at Vail in 1968.

Bill returned from Vail to Dallas with a dedication to make the 1971 Dallas Reunion one CBIers will always remember. His knack for organizing gatherings and entertainment features led to his reunion chairmanship. His popularity, enthusiasm and dedication to CBIVA led to his selection as basha commander. His abilities were definitely proven in his recent appearance at Milwaukee, when the National Executive Board fully accepted Godfrey's preliminary plans for the National Reunion at Dallas next August.

*(Editor's Note: In the interests of promoting the 1971 CBI Reunion, Ex-CBI Roundup has selected two members of the Dallas Reunion Committee for this month's CBI Personality column. CBIers will have an opportunity to meet and be entertained by these and other committee members in August.)*



CULLUM



GODFREY

Bill is a Dallas realtor, builder, broker and real estate appraiser. He is a Rotarian and a member of the Lake Highland Methodist Church at Dallas. Bill previously worked for United Artists Theatres, and as a law firm coordinator and investigator. Prior to that he was in military service, and an undergraduate student at Southern Methodist University (SMU) in Dallas.

Young Bill entered the Army Air Force early in 1943. He trained at Sheppard Field in Wichita Falls, Texas, and went through gunnery school at Tindall Field, Fla. He took B-25 training at Columbia, S. C., before going overseas in November 1944.

In December he was flying combat missions out of Warazup, Burma, as a member of the 490th Bomb Squadron of the 14th Air Force (attached to the 10th Air Force while in Burma); 51 missions and 200 combat flying hours later, Bill owned the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster. He left Hanchung, China, in April 1945, waited at Calcutta for a ship, and finally docked in California in October 1945. He went home on leave, and was then discharged in December 1945.

Bill has two married daughters and two sons. One son is a senior at Notre Dame University, and the other is in junior high at Richardson, Texas. Each of Bill's daughters has a daughter, so Bill is a double grandfather.

\* \* \*

**Earl O. Cullum**, State Commander, Texas Department, CBIVA, will serve as registration chairman for the National CBIVA Reunion at Dallas next August 4-7. Earl is a dedicated CBIVA worker, and he confidently believes the reunion at Dallas will be the best ever.

Earl spent 25 years away from Dallas in military and civilian government service; then he finally got back home. Now he plans to stay in Dallas, except for trips to visit his grandchildren and to attend CBI reunions. Of course his FBI duties require some travel, but he never discusses that work with outsiders. Even his wife Louise knows little about his FBI activities.

There are no secrets about Earl's military record, however; and he has reason to be proud of it. He was commissioned in the Infantry Reserve in 1937, and in 1941 became one of the first officers assigned to the new Mili-

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to the Military Police Journal. He was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel early in 1945.

Following his return to reserve status after World War II, he was assigned to the Fourth Army Headquarters staff at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. He was promoted to Colonel in 1957, and was transferred to the Retired Reserve after 30 years service, in 1967. He is a graduate of the U. S. Army Command and General Staff College.

Cullum is a member of the Rotary Club of Dallas, the Military Order of World Wars, and the Texas A&M Ex-students Association. He is board secretary of the Oak Lawn Methodist Church at Dallas, and past president of the Reserve Officers Association.

Earl and Louise have two sons, both of whom served in Vietnam. Major Richard O. Cullum is a West Point graduate and is now an instructor at West Point. Captain Kenneth H. Cul-

lum is now out of service, and is director of personnel for the Bristol Steel Company in Virginia. Both sons earned masters degrees in 1969, Ken at Notre Dame and Richard at Vanderbilt. The one Cullum daughter is married to an Air Force master sergeant who recently returned from SE Asia. tary Police Corps. He was an instructor at the Provost Marshal General's School in 1942, and in 1943 was on the staff of Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell in the CBI Theater. He travelled throughout the CBI on the job, which he recalls was as a military police "trouble shooter" for Theater Headquarters.

He finally settled in Upper Assam where he was given command of the newly formed 159th Military Police Battalion in the summer of 1944. He was the youngest MP Battalion Commander in the U.S. Army, according



*From The Statesman*

**NEW DELHI**—The union Health Minister proposed that some seats be reserved in medical colleges for students who undertake to serve in rural areas. He said the proposal could help overcome the imbalance of 80% of doctors serving in towns inhabited by merely 20% of the population.

**HOWRAH**—*Amherstia nobilis*, an exquisite flowering tree which grows in the Indo-Burmese border areas, was planted at the Indian Botanical Gardens Sibpur to mark the 183rd anniversary of the gardens. Col. Robert Kyd, an army officer in the East India Co., took the initiative in establishing the gardens in 1787 and since then remarkable work has been done in the introduction and improvement of various types of plants. A new building, to preserve dried specimens of plants, called the Herbarium, was expected to be completed this year. It will also house the Central Botanical Laboratory and the Horticultural Laboratory to carry out research and experiment in

ment of citrus fruits. Indigenous weeds, which could be used for ornamental purposes, are also getting attention. in the gardens are now working on the possibilities of grape cultivation in West Bengal and for the improvement of different branches of botany. Botanists

**SRINAGAR**—Twenty-three houses were washed away in a cloudburst in Ladakh. Seventeen people were feared killed in a cloudburst in Nimu. Four people were reported to have been killed in four different cases of lightning striking in the Kashmir Valley.

**CALCUTTA**—Ration regulations say that anyone who is leaving Calcutta must deposit his card with the authorities and collect it again on his return. It is not difficult to deposit the card. Collecting it, however, necessitates going hungry for the first few days, or patronizing the black market or giving up all normal affairs in order to hang around the ration office to try and catch the right person who is willing and able to lay his hands on the card.

**CALCUTTA**—Forty-two members of a teachers' association in Bankura were arrested after they had entered the First Class Magistrate's court and raised slogans demanding the recognition of their association. Those arrested included two women.

MARCH, 1971



# Book Reviews



**STILWELL AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN CHINA, 1911-45.** By Barbara W. Tuchman. The Macmillan Company, New York, February 1971. \$10.00.

"The future of all Asia is at stake, along with the tremendous effort America has expended in that region . . . I know of no other man who has the ability, the force, and the determination to offset the disaster that now threatens China." That message was sent by President Roosevelt to Chiang Kai-shek in July 1944, at the height of World War II, officially requesting the appointment of General Joseph W. Stilwell as commander of all China's armed forces. This is the story of the fabulous "Vinegar Joe," but it starts long before World War II. It traces the involvement of the United States in China from the time Stilwell went there in 1911 as military attache after the revolution toppled the Manchu Dynasty. It covers what Mrs. Tuchman calls our "Supreme Try in China" during and directly after World War II, and it is critical of American "mistakes" and "misconceptions" in Asia. It is the story of an American officer confronted and infuriated by the blandly oriental attempt of Chiang Kai-shek to bend the United States to his will, and it tells of difficulties in attempting to work with the Chinese government. It took Mrs. Tuchman 2½ years to produce the book, which deals with the vast complexities of mysterious China without getting bogged down in details. Some CBIers will agree with the author's viewpoint, others will disagree. But anyone who spent time in CBI during the war—and especially in China—will find much of interest in this book.

**BUDDHISM IN TRANSITION** By Donald K. Swearer. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, Pa. October 1970. Paperback, \$2.95.

An examination of changes taking place within Buddhism today—and the role that this venerable faith, allied

with nationalism, may play in the future development of Southeast Asia. The author also offers some suggestions as to how Buddhism might provoke religious reflection and theological renewal in the West.

**TWO TALES OF THE OCCULT.** By Mircea Eliade. Herder and Herder, New York. October 1970. \$5.00.

The book consists of two short novels, both set in India, which are outwardly chilling mystery stories. Underneath, however, run explorations of reincarnation, reality and illusion, and the nature of life and death.

**THE RISING SUN: The Decline and Fall of the Japanese Empire, 1936-1945.** By John Toland. Random House, Inc., New York. December 1970. \$12.95.

From contemporary accounts and other sources, the author, with the help of his Japanese wife, traces Japanese history from the decision to go into China in 1936 through World War II. He presents cabinet conferences and diplomatic maneuverings, the planning and execution of the Pearl Harbor attack, and other events of the war. The book closes with the surrender ceremony on the battleship Missouri.

**ADVENTURES TO CHINA: Americans in the Southern Oceans 1792-1812.** By James Kirker. Oxford Book Co., Inc., New York. November 1970. \$7.50.

This book tells of early American trade with China, beginning just after the Revolution. The first ship, the Empress of China, actually sailed on Washington's birthday in 1783 with sealskins and ginseng, which were traded to the Chinese for tea, silk and porcelains. This was dangerous adventure, as ship after ship began sailing to the Orient. In addition to such nautical dangers as typhoons, mutinies and piracies, there were often massacres on land when ships stopped off at various islands.

**BUDDHISM AND SOCIETY: A Great Tradition and Its Burmese Vicissitudes.** By Melford E. Spiro. Harper & Row, New York. December 1970. \$17.95.

This is a massive study of Buddhism as ideology, as ritual and as a manastic system. Material is taken from the author's own field work in a single village in Upper Burma, where "Buddhism of the Elders," as elsewhere in Burma, Cambodia, Laos, Ceylon and Thailand, is the official or prevalent religion.

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BARBARA W. TUCHMAN'S

# Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45

Here's a book every CBler will want to read . . . a book selected for February distribution by the Book-of-the-Month Club, predestined to be one of the year's best sellers.

Mrs. Tuchman was a correspondent in the Far East during the thirties, had a vantage point on the Far Eastern Desk of the Office of War Information during World War II. In this book she reconstructs history, in part, from diaries, letters, family albums, and material hitherto unpublished.

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Says Mrs. Tuchman, "I am conscious of the hazards of venturing into the realms of America's China policy . . . nevertheless, since China is the ultimate reason for our involvement in Southeast Asia, the subject is worth the venture even though the ground is hot."

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# Two Worlds of Music

*Americans in India for the first time are usually somewhat bewildered by Indian music and musicians. This is not surprising; Indians have the same feeling when they are introduced to Western music. An Indian writer gives his views on the subject in this article.*

BY CHETAN KARNANI  
From The Statesman

When an Indian hears Western music for the first time, he is bewildered: he does not immediately find harmony and counterpoint congenial to his ears. He is puzzled by the great variety of instruments; he finds it strange that Western musicians should play looking at the notation.

The fact that Indians betray large-scale ignorance about Western music can be seen from the way they start applauding after the first movement of a work. Once, in Jaipur, the conductor of the Munich Orchestra looked back in anger when she found the listeners doing this in the course of a Bach concerto. Some of my friends were surprised too that the first movement was fast and the second slow. Most Indians find this strange because they are not used to this sort of sudden change. They complain too that Western music has no scope for improvisation. One can't possibly improvise on 35 instruments and in any case improvisation is not a virtue in itself. In all musical experience, there is a choice between improvisation and organization—this is a fact which is often ignored.

The Westerner, on the other hand, is equally intrigued when he finds the absence of notation in Indian music. He is surprised as much by the vocalist, who goes on weaving endless melodic patterns, as by the accompanist who plays progressively intricate sequences of syllables on the tabla.

Despite all our new mass media of communication, this ignorance has persisted on both sides of the Atlantic. This can be seen even in some scholarly works. Thus Percy A. Scholes who wrote a book on music in 1950

called it "A History of Music". He took it for granted that Western music was the only music that mattered. The balance was retrieved much later in 1966 when Donald Jay Grout called his work "A History of Western Music", and mentioned in the preface that he had added the word "Western" to the title of his work because Indian music could no longer be ignored.

This misunderstanding is not one-sided. The folly persists on our side also. Thus O. Goswami, who wrote his "A Story of Indian Music" as late as 1965, entitled one of his chapters "Western vs. Indian Music. The connective "versus" gives the impression that he is going to describe an encounter of some sort. It may be true that these systems can be contrasted but, in their total musical value, they only supplement each other's finer points.

The fact that Goswami never took Western music very seriously can be seen from many wide-of-the-mark passages in the chapter mentioned earlier. Having decided that Indian music was the norm, he found Bach and Beethoven wanting. He found Debussy closer to Indian music because of his use of muffled tones, but he regarded Debussy, not as an impressionist, but as a romantic. To quote Goswami: The harmonic sequences of Eric Satie and Debussy were signs of this groping towards a new musical ideal, thanks to the pedal effects of the piano, which confused flow of sounds where to some extent the notes lose their individuality and become integrated into a whole. But this integration is still a shadow—a faint image of the true model of old music that is still prevalent in the East. The groping, searching and striving for the ideal still continues and will continue until such time as the Westerners are prepared to change their approach to music and reconstruct the whole musical system on the natural laws of sound.

The only comment one can make on a passage like this is that Westerners can safely afford to ignore this advice because the author makes



"natural laws of sound" the monopoly of Indian music. Such aesthetic norms do justice neither to Indian nor to Western music. Goswami hears Western music as if it was bad Indian music.

This sort of ignorance persists because most musicologists see only half the picture. No genuine understanding of a system is possible unless one makes an effort to understand the rules of the game. At present there are various obstacles which hinder this effort.

Let us consider the semantic ones first. In many books written in English on Indian music no satisfactory definition of "raga" is available because it cannot be easily defined in terms of Western concepts. Every raga has its own movement and its own personality. It is neither a sonata nor a concerto with a fixed form. After all, a raga is not a particular composition; it is something which enables every artiste to discover himself through it.

In the same way, an Indian student of Western music faces a parallel difficulty when he tries to understand tonality, chromaticism, chords and their progression, and major-minor modes, because parallels for these concepts are not to be found in Indian music. One has to shake off one's old habits and beliefs and imaginatively project oneself into a new world before these concepts ever begin to become familiar.

Similar difficulties crop up when one tries to understand "tal" in terms of Western concepts. There is no equivalent word available hence it is rather difficult to explain the use of time in cyclic order in Indian music as opposed to the linear one in Western music. The presence of bars in Western music creates a misleading impression but this device is only a matter of harmonic convenience.

While the forms in Karnatak music are fairly fixed, the "gharanas" of Hindustani music have solved this problem in their own way. For instance, the Patiala School relies for its structure on melodic variety. Ustad Bade Ghulam Ali Khan, the chief exponent of this school, had a theory that the duration for which a raga can be elaborated depends on its melodic possibilities. The progression of

a raga in the Agra School is based on considerations of rhythmic variations, particularly in relation to word figures. In our own time, Amir Khan has shown his concern for 'architectonics'. He builds his musical edifice note by note in observance of the principles of Gestalt psychology, namely, that when you touch the next higher note, an entirely new whole is formed in relation to earlier notes. Also, the "vilambit" part of his recital shows the possibility of the development of a raga in the lower octave, while the "drut" part has all the unpremeditated "tans" ascending in the upper octave, giving an impression of a breathless leap into verticality. These instances show that Indian music is not as casual or wayward as one may suppose on superficial considerations.

The other extreme view is that Indian music is spiritual. The epithet may be true of an occasional 'alap' on vena, or it may apply to Abdul Karim Khan who used to identify himself completely with his music and treat it as some sort of "sadhana." He would close his eyes and stretch every note. But, generally speaking, to say that Indian music is spiritual is as misleading as to say that Western music is secular. Bach's Choral Preludes, Handel's *Messiah* and Beethoven's later works can compete in their meditative repose with the best Indian music that may be considered spiritual. But spirituality in music is often mistaken for some sort of organization of impulses or a desirable equipoise, and to apply this loose adjective only to Indian music is unnecessary.

As far as the assessment of music is concerned, the pendulum has tended to swing between the two extremes. Earlier Indian music was regarded as unimportant in world music; now it has been defined in highly reverential terms. The truth lies somewhere in between. □

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WATER buffalo cool off in dirty water outside an Indian village. Photo by Wm. S. Johnson.

#### 236th Engineers

● Would like to see something about the Stilwell Road and the 236th Engineer Combat Battalion in 1971 issues of Ex-CBI Roundup. I was a member of the 236th Engineers and helped build the Ledo or Stilwell Road, whichever it was called. I would also like to see us get a little credit for the fall of Myitkyina. We were in that, too. So print some of these things along with the other interesting things that are in Roundup.

HERMAN COOPER,  
Milford, Ohio

*We have carried articles and pictures concerning the Road, from time to time, and would be most happy to publish a story of the 236th Engineers. Will anyone volunteer to furnish the necessary information?—Ed.*

#### Northwest Reunion

● All CBIs in the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming are especially invited to attend the first Northwest Reunion of CBI veterans to be held June 24 through 27, 1971, at the Sherwood Motor Inn, 400 N.E. 45th Street, Seattle, Wash. Program plans of the Washington State Dho-bi Wallah Basha include a

hospitality room that will be open to the wee hours; a Puja Ball (Oriental costumes) and parade, a banquet and other highlights. Perhaps some CBI friends of long ago will be there, and a number of notables have been invited. If this is successful, we feel that we could extend an invitation to the National CBIVA to hold its 1973 reunion in Seattle. For information write me at 621 12th Avenue East, Seattle, Wash. 98102.

LEE BAKKER,  
Seattle, Wash.

C. K. McCLINTIC,  
Santo Domingo, R.D.

#### Fire Protection

● Am writing you after having received my first copy of Ex-CBI Roundup, sent to me as a gift subscription by Buck G. Hudson who was one of the men assigned to me in Mohanbari gasoline pumping stations. I was fuel control officer for that section of CBI (or as our British allies would say—petrol, oil and lubricants—POL). The swimming pools shown in pictures sent in by Buck of both Mohanbari and Chabua were moonlighted from the British Corps of Engineers as a pretext for fire protection (at that time water fog was not thought of for gasoline fires). I had several men on each base who had to be on duty 24 hours daily, especially after General Arnold said there would be no such thing as weather to ground airplanes. So I invented water tanks for fire protection—their one and only use was for bathing, and it did get us a lot of visitors who just happened to have their bathing suits with them! Anyway, I had no problem with the pump men wanting to leave base for a trip to town.



WILD BOAR killed in the Burma jungle in 1943 is carried by men of the 330th Engineers. Photo by C. C. Carter.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP





INTERIOR view of Central Cafe, at Kweilin, China. Photo by Milt Klein.

#### 3842nd QMTC

● The 3842nd Q.M. Truck Company will hold its annual reunion on July 30-31 and August 1 at Palm Beach, Fla. A very successful reunion was held last year at Mt. Clemens, Mich. Originally "B" Company of the 478th Q.M. Regiment, we went to CBI on the Monticello in January of 1943 and spent several years in the Chabua and Ledo areas. For information write me at Box 2291, Palm Beach, Fla. 33480.

ED KUHLMANN,  
Palm Beach, Fla.

#### Gene Laybourn

● Col. Gene Laybourn, a member of the Colorado CBI Basha, died January 11 at Fitzsimons Army Hospital in Denver. He was best known as ordnance advisor to the pre-war Magruder Mission to China, and later was with the party of 24 Americans in the walk-out from Burma with General Joe Stilwell. A longtime reader and correspondent of Ex-CBI Roundup, Colonel Laybourn retired from the Army after 27 years service. Born at Windsor, Colo., in 1898, he enlisted at Fort Logan in 1917 and served with the infantry in China in World War I. He took a discharge, but returned in the early 20s and received a

commission. In 1941 he went to China as a member of the Magruder mission, to secure Chiang Kai-shek's aid as an ally in the coming war. Later, returning into Burma, he was awarded the Silver Star for valor when he rallied a Nationalist Chinese howitzer crew back to their gun and forced them to deliver counter-battery fire on a Japanese gun that had pinned them down. In 1947 he retired to Boulder, and later to Lyons, Colo. Survivors include his wife; a brother, Leland; sister, Ruth; and a son, Lt. Col. William E. Laybourn, presently stationed in Germany.

CLARENCE R. GORDON,  
Denver, Colo.

#### Saigon Charter

● On the first business day of the year, January 4, and the coldest night of the winter (17 degrees), 28 people of the Dallas Basha met at the City Club in Dallas. The occasion? Lou Poudre, on his return to Saigon, stopped over and was presented the Saigon Basha charter, China-Burma-India Veterans Association, by Pat Edwards, Junior Vice Commander Southwest, and Douglas Runk, Past National Commander, both of whom had made the trip from Houston for the occasion. It was a pleasant get-together, mingled with good drinks, excellent company and delicious food. It was fun, and we of the Dallas Basha were privileged to be hosts!

SID RAPPAPORT,  
Dallas, Texas

#### 490 Bomb Squadron

● In answer to James Gregory in the December 1970 issue; I was an engineer-gunner on a B-25 in the 490th Bomb Squadron. I was with the squadron from the first part of November 1944, at Warazup, Burma, until the squadron moved into China in April of 1945. The squadron was known as the "Burma Bridgebusters" and our insignia was a skull and crossbones.

B. F. GODFREY,  
Dallas, Texas



WOMEN planting rice in Yunnan Province, near Kai-Yuan, China. Photo by Dwight M. Burkam.





## Commander's Message

by  
**Howard Clager**  
National Commander  
China-Burma-India  
Veterans Assn.

A substitute columnist greets you this issue.

Commander Clager's Column is being done by the Corresponding Secretary, Louise Clager.

These past few weeks 'our leader' has been ill at home and on January 22 was admitted to Good Samaritan Hospital in Dayton, O. The cards, letters, notes, calls, etc., expressing concern are deeply appreciated.

Many, many letters have arrived in the Commander's mail bringing much good news of many good things to keep CBIVA continuing strong and growing.

It was with exceeding regret that it was necessary for him to decline the honor of being invited to install the newly elected officers of Buffalo Basha in January. Some staunch CBIVers of that area will held office and guide this basha during the coming year: Loris (Duke) Durfee, Commander; Wm. F. Hoffman, Vice Commander; Loren Durfee, Adjutant; Harold Salhoff, Finance Officer; and Albert Taylor, Public Relations.

Another active basha installing new officers recently is one of Ohio's Bashas—Mahoning Valley in Eastern Ohio. Kenneth Shimp has been named to fill the Commander's post there. Congratulations and may your every effort be rewarded.

Early in January a very gala event

*This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.*

took place in Dallas on the occasion of the presentation of a charter to another Far East Basha—Saigon. Their commander's travel itinerary in the States during the holiday season found him in our 1971 reunion city and it was there Past National Commander Douglas Runk (winner of our Association's 1970 Award of Merit) did the honors. Mrs. Amy Patricia Edwards, Junior Vice Commander-Southwest, also aided in this ceremony.

Chicago Basha's recently installed Commander is rolling along with good activities and projects for his folks. It is surely commendable that he is interested and making plans to start a news sheet for them. Take notice, you other bashas who already have these fine instruments as a means of keeping in touch, Commander Louis DeMarino is interested in exchanging issues. His address is: 9855 Huber Lane, Niles, Illinois 60648. In response to the call for relief due to the disaster in Pakistan not long ago, the basha made a very nice contribution to this cause.

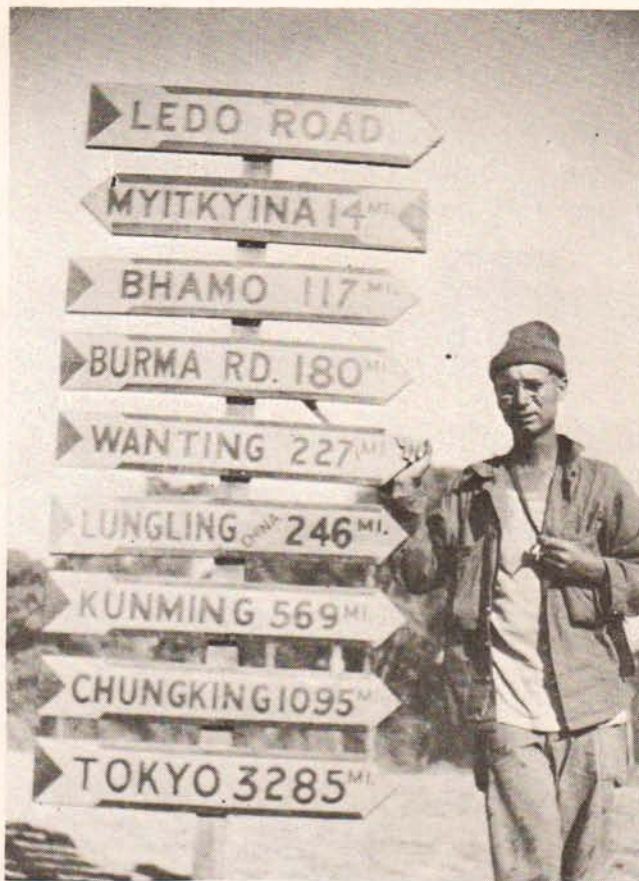
The momentum for new CBIVA members continues to roll on, increasing this year over the past couple of years. The good news from the membership chairman and his committee points out that about one hundred new names have been added to the ranks since August reunion days. It appears last year's achievement can and will be bettered. Comrade Thomas, in addition to collecting new signatures on the dotted line, is doing some groundwork in the Scranton, Pa., area. Roundup readers who are in the area and interested in reviewing and reliving CBI times may contact Robert at 1021 Edison Ave., Philadelphia, 19116.

Interesting letters in the mailbox reveal how many good times are the rule rather than the exception in CBIVA bashas. All parts of our fair land have get-togethers that just aren't found frequently in these days of chasing-the-dollar and using current superficial cliches like "beautiful". These bashas with their full programs are certainly prime candidates for the Commander's National Contest for Basha Programs. Keep this contest in mind. Develop an outstanding scope of activities.

Louise B. Clager  
(Mrs. Howard Clager)  
Corresponding Secretary

EX-CBI ROUNDUP





CHECK your mileage? Road sign along the Ledo Road told you where you had been, and where you were going. Photo by C. C. Carter.

#### Served at Tezpur

● Most of my time in CBI was spent at Tezpur, Assam. I look forward to getting news of the boys at the ATC base; perhaps in the future a reunion can be held.

ANTHONY NOTO,  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

#### 25th Fighter Squadron

● A book that would be of interest to Air Force veterans of CBI is "Flight to Everywhere" by Ivan Dmitri, published by McGraw Hill Whittlesey House, 330 West 42nd Street, New York. I don't know whether the book is still available or not; I bought it in 1946. It was of interest to me be-

cause the author took colored pictures of the P-40's and some pictures of our pilots and enlisted men, and told of the experiences of one of our pilots, Capt. Wynn D. Miller, who had to bail out behind Jap lines in Burma and walk out. We in Flight "A", 25th Fighter Squadron, were stationed at a grass air strip close to Sadiya, Assam (radio code name Sleepy Hollow), at the time of Dmitri's visit in early summer of 1943. The book has 480 photos, 180 of them in full color, and a story of his trip and interviews with various personnel while visiting the bases.

DALE R. BROOM,  
Alma, Ill.

#### With Red Cross

● Still read you from cover to cover—don't see many familiar names but enjoy it anyway. Was with the Red Cross at the 44th Field Hospital at Myitkyina and Bhamo and loved the wild and wonderful tales the patients told me. I just read "The Marauders" last week and it certainly took me back—the book is so much better than the movie. Our war had such great people in it.

VIRGINIA PRAY SCHROCK,  
Portsmouth, Ohio

#### Troop Carrier

● Really enjoy receiving and reading Ex-CBI Round-up. I've been a subscriber for four or five years; have a fellow worker, Andrew Jonko, to thank for telling me about the magazine. I went overseas with the 2nd Troop Carrier Squadron in February of 1943 and was one of the 25 men taken from the 2nd to help activate the 315th Troop Carrier Squadron. If any of my friends from either organization are subscribers, I sure would like to hear from them.

SAMUEL J. RINELLA,  
220 Miller Ave.,  
Duquesne, Pa. 15110

#### The 1972 Reunion

● Accept my thanks for the splendid job you have done these many years. I have never been able to attend a reunion, but hope to be at the one in 1972 as it will be on the east coast. I was with the 142nd General Hospital.

C. L. BURCHETTE, JR.,  
Winston-Salem, N.C.

#### Liaison Officer

● Enjoy Roundup very much, even though I've seen no news from fellow liaison officers or other personnel so involved in the war in Burma and China. You are doing an excellent job publishing the Round-up.

LLOYD E. GILLOGLY,  
Lt. Col., AUS (Ret.),  
Columbus, Ohio



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